He is frankt vp to fatting for his paines,
God pardon them that are the cauſe of it.
Ri. A vertuous and Chriſtian-like concluſion,
To pray for them that haue done ſcath to vs.
Glo. So doe I euer being well aduiſed,
For had I curſt, now I had curſt my ſelfe.
Catſ. Maddam his Maieſty doth call for you:
And for your noble grace, and you my Lord.
Qu. Catesby we come, Lords will you goe with vs?
Ri. Maddam, we will attend your grace. *Exeunt Manet*
Glo. I doe thee wrong, and firſt began to braule, *Glo.*
The ſecret miſchiefe that I ſet a broach,
I lay vnto the greuious charge of others:
Clarence, whom I indeed haue layd in darkneſſe:
I doe beweepe too many ſimple gulls:
Namely, to *Haſtings*, *Darby*, *Buckingham*,
And ſay it was the Queene, and her allies.
That ſtrires the King againſt the Duke my brother.
Now they beleeue me, and withall wich me
To be reuenged on *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*,
But then ſigh, and with a peece of Scripture,
Tell them, that God bids vs to doe good for euill:
And thus I cloathe my naked villany
With old odde ends, ſtolen out of holy writ,
And ſeeme a Saint, when moſt I play the diuell.
But ſoft, here comes my executioners, *Enter executio-*
How now my hardy ſtout reſolued mates, *ners.*
Are yea not going to diſpatch this deed?
Exe. We are my Lord, and come to haue the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Glo. It was well thought vpon, I haue it here about me,
When you haue done, repaire to Crosby place,
But ſirs, be ſuddaine in the execution:
Withall, obdurate; doe not heare him pleade,
For *Clarence* is well ſpoken, and perhaps
May moue your hearts to pity if you marke him.
Exe. Tuſh, feare not my Lord, we will not ſtand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers be aſſured:
We come to vſe our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo.

Glo. Your eies drop milſt
I like you Lads, about yo
Enter

Bro. Why lookes you
Cla. O I haue paſt a
So full of vgly ſights, of
That as I am a Chriſtian
I would not ſpend anot
Thought t were to by a
So full of diſmall terrou
Bro. What was your d
Cla. Me thought I wa
And in my company my
Who from my Cabbin te
Vpon the hatches, there
And cited vp a thouſand
During the warres of *Yor*
That had befallen vs: as
Vpon the giddy footing
Me thought that *Glocest*
Strooke me (that tho
Into the tumbling billow
Lord, Lord, me though
What dreadfull noyſe o
What a ſight of death w
Me thought I ſaw a thou
Ten thouſand men that
Wedges of Gold, grea
Ineſtimable ſtones, vnua
Some lay in dead mens S
Where eyes did once in
As if it t'were in ſcorne o
Which wade the ſlimy b
And mokt the dead bon
Brok. Had you ſuch l
To gaze vpon the ſecrets
Cla. Me thought I ha
Kept in my ſoule, and
To keepe the empty, va

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